

THE VILLAGE JACKASS

By M. QUAD

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The village jackass was the real thing—an animal instead of a man. He entered the village of Sandy Hill one night at 10 o'clock, and no resident has ever discovered where he came from. There were various theories put forth, but they were theories only. There weren't any theories, however, as to what happened when that jackass struck the town. There was a public square, and he stood on that square and made public proclamation of his arrival. He brayed a haw-haw-haw that woke every sleeper in the village. Men, women and children tumbled out of bed and into the street in fear and trembling.

There was little sleep in the town the remainder of that night. At regular intervals of ten minutes that jackass brayed.

That haw-haw-haw was not a mournful bray. On the contrary, it had a jovial ring. It seemed to the people of Sandy Hill to be saying:

"Hurrah for me! I've struck it at last! We won't go home till morning and mebbe not then!"

When morning came the question was what to do with that animal. It was not easily answered. Drive him on toward Lansingburg and let that town welcome or reject him. The job was given to a gang of boys. The jackass protested, but the gang was too many for him. He was clubbed down the road for a mile and warned to keep moving on. One hour later he was back on the public square braying his joy at being home again. He was escorted toward Fishburg, but he returned again. He was escorted toward Edwardsville and toward Cranford, but he never reached those places. He put in the day at it and then returned to say how glad he was that he was in the hands of his friends once more.

That night the town cooper took charge of the animal and by trying a butter flkin to his tail prevented any braying. No jackass can bray with head and tail down. Next morning he was driven within a mile of three different towns and told that the inhabitants were waiting to welcome him, but before the last citizen of Sandy Hill had gone to bed that bray sounded in his ears. The rejected was back on the job.

Thousands of public meetings have been held for this or that reason, but it is doubtful if one was ever held before or since on account of a lone jackass. Sandy Hill held one, and the debate was spirited. A stray jackass had forced itself upon them. What was to be done in the case? All efforts to unload him on other towns had proved futile. No one had ever heard of a jackass without an owner. This beast must have one. He must call and pay damages and take his property. He must be advertised for. If he didn't show up in the legal time then the jack would be sold to the highest bidder.

That was the course pursued, but no owner came to make his claim. The day came when the jackass was to be sold for his keep. He was to go to the highest bidder without reservation. That meant that his bray was to be thrown in. The auctioneer hollered in vain. Not a bid was made. No one offered even a dollar.

How much pounding can a jackass take and keep up with the procession? This one had more clabs, broom handles, hoe handles, ax handles and pitchforks broken over his back than would fill a freight car, but he came up to the scratch smiling. He was hit with clubs, stones, bricks, old cans and bottles and picket fences, but he didn't grow weary of well doing. One night when he broke up a prayer meeting with his bray a good deacon rushed out and knocked him unconscious with a blow from a crowbar. It was believed that he was dead, but next morning saw him wandering about as gayly as ever.

Again, a young man was courting a girl. He was interrupted by that haw-haw-haw just as he was about to ask the girl to be his'n. He ran out and fired a dose of bird shot into the disturber. No use. The jack was tramping next day.

Nevertheless there must be a limit to all things. Even an ownerless jackass must draw the dead line somewhere. This one held on for two years before he drew. Then he decided that he hadn't been used square in that Christian community. It had sent cash to the heathen of Africa and left him to eat moldy straw. It had been kind to dogs and horses, but had bruised and battered him on various occasions. He would shake the dust of the town off his hoofs, but in going he would leave a memory behind.

A railroad was being run to the village. The grading contractor was doing much blasting, and half a mile from the village limits he had 500 pounds of dynamite in a shed. The jackass took his departure at night. His way lay past that shed. He stopped and backed up to the door and kicked it in, and kicked at the boxes piled up. Then Sandy Hill had an earthquake that tore things to pieces and created damages to the amount of \$25,000. That was ten years ago, but it still shows the scars and still talks of that explosion. When you ask what became of the jackass the man will shake his head and drop his voice as he replies:

"That's what we have never found out, and we shouldn't be a bit surprised to see him come back any day. If he does we shall have to abandon the town!"

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Green's Warranted Syrup of Tar, if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory, or money refunded.

Rd. Cross Pharmacy, E. A. Brown, C. H. Kendrick & Co. D. F. Davis, George L. Edson, J. D. McArthur, W. R. Miles & Co., McAllister Bros., D. C. Howard, J. A. Cummings, J. W. Farmer.

HER HAND AND ARM BURNED AND ITCHED

Could Hardly Sleep at Night for About 11 Months. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment and was Completely Cured.



"My mother had a red spot on her right hand which began to grow worse rapidly. The neighbors said it was a tetter. She got some medicine from a doctor, but it did not do any good. In about a week the tetter began to break out on her arm too. She used five or six different kinds of liniments and three different kinds of salves. Not one of these did her a particle of good. Her hand and arm would burn and itch so much that she could hardly sleep at night. Her hand was so itchy that she could not hold a pen. Finally a friend of ours recommended Cuticura Soap and Ointment to us. She bought some immediately and began to use it. She washed her hand and arm with Cuticura Soap and warm water. Then she applied the Cuticura Ointment and bandaged her hand up. The next morning we all noticed a great improvement. Before she had used a half of a box of Ointment and a very little Soap her hand was completely cured. Now her hand is as well as ever. I think Cuticura Soap and Ointment is the greatest skin remedy ever discovered. C. E. Canady, San Leandro, Cal., Mar. 7, 1910."

Cuticura Remedies afford the most economical treatment for affections of the skin and scalp of infants, children and adults. A sale of Cuticura Soap (25c) and a box of Cuticura Ointment (50c) are often sufficient. Sold throughout the world. Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston. 247 Mailed free, latest 32-page book, an Authority on the Treatment of Skin and Scalp Affections.

SUCH A GENTLE BURRO!

Any Father Would Have Bought It for His Children.

It was such a gentle burro that any father would have bought it for his children had gentleness been all that was expected of a burro.

It was only \$7.50, the father was told—and it was darkly hinted by the children—the owner was awfully poor and might take less.

By degrees the children worked the father up to a point where he half promised to think about it; insisted that he promised to think about it; convinced him that he had promised to look at it, and finally told him flatly that he had promised to buy it. Did he remember?

The father didn't remember, but he knew that he had promised to look at it, and he did. The saddle and bridle cost as much as the burro, a fact he realized with astonishment.

"What do you feed burros?" the mother asked.

"I know!" "I know!" said the children in chorus. "The man who sold him said to give him corn chops and oats and hay."

That night the burro ate the corn chops and oats and hay and, finding nothing else, lunched off a coffee sack, a pile of kindling wood, and a piece of his harness which had been left too near him.

After this, being lonesome, he raised his voice and told folks about it. They understood a mile across town that he was lonesome.

"Merciful heavens!" said the father, leaning from bed, "what was that?"

"It was the burro," explained the mother sleepily; "he did that while you were at the office."

In the morning the burro was liberated for a stroll about the yard. He celebrated by eating a skirt that had been newly cleaned with gasoline and hung out to dry.

Then he charged about and drove the cook indoors. After a bit, feeling hungry, he found a large pile of newspapers and ate them, topped off with some cedars that were growing in reach, and went into his stall, where he was shut out to dry.

During the night he unlatched the door, ate a sheet, a couple of pairs of stockings, and some other things off the line, and then climbed up on the back porch, where he sang sweetly.

And next morning the father came down and put a rope about the neck of the burro. The children looked at his face, and if they thought he was an ingiver they did not put the thought into words.

They heard him that night tell their mother:

"I was lucky; I found a peddler who gave me \$2 for him."

"Poor fellow," said the mother, "why did you take his money?"—Dallas News.

BRIDE GETS \$1,000,000 GIFT.

Marriage of Helene Irwin and F. T. Crocker a Reveal of Presents.

San Francisco, March 1.—Archbishop Riordan yesterday united in marriage F. Templeton Crocker and Miss Helene Irwin.

The groom is grandson of Charles Crocker, one of the Central Pacific "Big Four," who made a \$40,000,000 fortune. Young Crocker has about \$10,000,000 as his share. The bride is the daughter of William G. Irwin, the richest of Hawaiian sugar planters and refiners, who is rated at \$15,000,000.

Irwin will give his daughter \$1,000,000 in sugar stocks that pay 12 per cent a year. Her mother gives her a limousine, her sister-in-law and her prospective husband gave her Uplands, a 500-acre estate, where she will make her home. The groom's gift is a diamond necklace with emeralds and pearl pendants. His family offer many gifts in costly jewelry. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid gives a ring, and her daughter Mrs. James Ward, a jewel studded gold purse. Miss Jennie Crocker, the only sister of the groom, has made many individual gifts of handsome jewelry.

The friends of the couple are loading them down with presents in gold, silver and rare porcelains and china.

GETS THREE TO FIVE YEARS.

William H. Kohler Sentenced for Larceny by Judge Jenney.

Boston, March 1.—William H. Kohler, otherwise known as "Leroy des Chel-dre" and "Eugene Courard," was sentenced to from three to five years in state prison by Judge Jenney in the superior court yesterday afternoon. He pleaded guilty to one of twelve counts charged against him. This was for the larceny of \$7,000 from Miss Doris F. Conant, 32 West Sixty-first street, New York, which she had given him to invest. Kohler was arrested in New York on charges of larceny to the extent of \$23,000, but the complaints have not been preferred against him.

SPAIN NEAR A CRISIS

Vatican Note Likely to Cause Trouble

WILL PREVENT AGREEMENT

Associations Bill May Split the Cabinet. Turkey Reports That Yemen Has Been Subjected.

Madrid, March 1.—The religious question has again assumed prominence and threatens the existence of the ministry, which will be subjected at an early date to a furious attack by the conservatives. The Vatican has sent another note to the administration, and this was expected to reach here yesterday. The text, it is understood, is more intransigent than ever, making impossible all hope of an agreement. The ministers will meet on Wednesday to examine the text of the associations bill. It is rumored that the minister of finance, who is a moderate liberal, may not approve the bill, and consequently will bring on a ministerial crisis. It is supposed that the tone of the Vatican note is due to assurances from certain influential elements that the religious question will cause the fall of the ministry. The plan providing for educational reform will likewise be discussed at the conference on Wednesday. The minister of finance, who is away from the capital, has been telegraphed to return in time to attend the council. Prime Minister Canalejas is preparing drafts of bills for the discussion of the council. When he presents these drafts he will maintain the necessity for keeping the promises the present administration has made to the radicals.

El Liberal and El Imperial declare that the Vatican's note to the government is a reiterated refusal to resume negotiations with Spain unless the government agrees to reach an accord with Rome on the proposed law of associations and all other religious questions figuring in the programme of Premier Canalejas, before they are submitted to parliament. This, these papers say, was the response to the government's suggestion that if the Holy See was prepared to resume negotiations for a revision of the concordat, Spain would appoint an ambassador to the Vatican.

MODERN RIP VAN WINKLE.

John Fox, Who Twice Defeated Greeley for Congress, Visits Capitol.

Washington, March 1.—"Do you see that trim old gentleman over there?" asked Congressman Payne of a friend in the House yesterday. "That is Rip Van Winkle sitting on London bridge, overlooking the ruins of Carthage, or words and ideas to that effect. That is John Fox of New York, formerly a member of this body and a man who twice defeated House Greeley for Congress in the late sixties."

As a representative from New York City Mr. Fox entered the House in 1866 as its youngest member. He was re-elected in 1868 and retired March 4, 1871, just 40 years ago next Saturday. He visited the capitol yesterday and found no man who was there in his time.

When he visited the Senate, he said:—"There is Senator Hale, who was a member of the lower branch of Congress when I was a member, but he and Senator Culver are the only ones in Congress now who served in the late sixties."

Mr. Fox has been president for many years of the National Democratic club of New York. He is on the way to Pinehurst, N. C., for a rest.

AGAIN THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Under Fire in Several States Where Divorce Proceedings Are On.

At present the mother-in-law is under fire from many quarters. In various states divorces are pending where practically the whole issue is that the mother-in-law is at the bottom of the whole trouble. It is a situation which calls for calm consideration. There has been too much temperance in the past. In fact, it seems hard to discuss it without betraying some emotion. Almost every man and woman has had a mother-in-law. We do not think that they are happy who have escaped this dispensation of providence, but we have much sympathy for those who, in this progressive age, have a long string of them. No man can achieve distinction in society without three divorces, and this simply adds to his mother-in-law by this number.

It is a curious fact that in these days it is not the men who complain of their mother-in-law. He has been tamed too well for that. In the state of bondage which husbands now enjoy, they dare not open their mouths on the subject. It is the wives who kick about the mothers of their husbands. There all the dishonor lies. It is most astonishing but true that mothers think more of their sons as a rule, than of their daughters.

No mother can believe that her daughter has any common or uncommon sense that she has any intelligence or ability. But her devotion to her son, especially her eldest, is one of the things which has made countless millions of brides mourn. Woman's inhumanity to women has disrupted many a family which had started out as if it might be a success. We may admit that the mother-in-law is a disturbing element, but for the life of us we do not know why. We approve of the mother-in-law. She is an institution which must be looked upon with the highest favor. But as they are particularly well able to care for themselves, we are not interfering in the light. We only desire to call attention to the fact that there are as many fathers-in-law as mothers-in-law, but no one ever heard a complaint against the male variety. This is to the credit of the male sex. We do not make trouble. We simply bear it and suffer in silence.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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Gold Dust Makes Hard Water Soft

By the use of GOLD DUST you can at all times have nice, soft rainwater right at your elbow for the asking. Imagine what a help this would be for washing clothes, and for all cleansing purposes!

Just a little GOLD DUST added to any water softens it, takes out the mineral substances and brings out the greatest cleansing value.

GOLD DUST dissolves dirt and grease, works like lightning, and relieves household of all its drudgery.

For your poor back's sake, don't try to keep house without GOLD DUST.

GOLD DUST is sold in 50 size and large packages. The large package offers greater economy.

"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work!"

MISS IDA TARBELL.

Magazine Writer Who Opposes Giving the Ballot to Women.



Copyright by J. E. Purdy.

OLD GRANITE MANUFACTURER

John A. McDonnell of Quincy Died on Monday.

Quincy, Mass., March 1.—John A. McDonnell, the well-known granite manufacturer of Water street, died Monday at his residence on Bigelow street after an illness of several weeks. He retired from active business about ten months ago.

Mr. McDonnell was born in Ross Common, Ireland, Sept. 6, 1846, and came to Quincy about 45 years ago. He learned the trade of a granite cutter and in 1876 became a granite manufacturer, with shops on Water street, at which he was successful.

He was a charter member of Quincy court, M. C. O. F., and Quincy council, K. of C., and also an active member of the board of trade, and while in business a member of the Granite Manufacturers' association. He cultivated the ideas of President Roosevelt, having nine children, seven of whom are now living. He also leaves a widow; one brother, the Rev. Matthew McDonnell, and three sisters, Mrs. James Kelley, Mrs. Mary Whoriskey and Miss Teresa McDonnell.

Funeral services were held this morning.

GATTI-CASAZZA.

Director Metropolitan Grand Opera to Become U. S. Citizen.

That a little soda water will relieve side headache caused by indigestion. That a fever patient can be made cool and comfortable by frequent sponging off with soda water.

That a drink of hot, strong lemonade before going to bed will often break up a cold and cure a sore throat.

That pains in the side are most promptly relieved by the application of mustard.

That for a cold in the head nothing is better than powdered borax snuffed up the nostrils.

That tincture of myrrh is a good wash for the mouth. Twenty drops in four tablespoonful of water is the proportion. It must not be swallowed.

That orange peel should be dried and used occasionally as a deodorizer. Throw it on a few hot coals and let it burn.

That a bottle of peroxide of hydrogen should be kept in the house as an antiseptic. It is a good thing to put on any eruption, such as pimples and small sores, to dry them up, and when diluted with clear water it is a good gargle for a sore throat.

That a pinch of charcoal powder put in a vase of fresh water will preserve flowers for a long time.

That the sulphur of matches kills worms which are at work at the roots of the plant. Stick the matches in the earth, heads downward.

That tired feet should be bathed in warm water and then rubbed with salt. That a good wash for eyes which are inflamed from loss of sleep or from a cold is made of one ounce of distilled white hazel and one ounce of pure water.

That a bottle of household ammonia should be in every kitchen. That a sprained wrist or ankle may be cured by using a poultice made of the white of an egg and a tablespoon of table salt. Apply to the bare skin and change the poultice four times a day.

That frost bites may be cured by applications of clove oil in a wash made by one pint of Ceresota oil, a pound of gum camphor broken in bits and a half-pint of sweet oil.

That jet trimming may be cleaned by

The Perley E. Pope Co.

Going Out of Business Sale

Offers Their Entire Stock of Furs

which includes Mink, Fox, Lynx, Wolf, Opossum, Japanese Mink, Sable, Squirrel, Gray Squirrel, Marten, Persian Paw, Pony, etc., etc. This includes Muffs and Scarfs—6r every piece desirable.

One Brown Pony Coat

Size 36, formerly \$50.00, now

\$27.50

Black Pony Coats

Sizes 34 and 36, 50-inches long, formerly \$50.00, now

\$32.50

GIVE US A CALL

The Perley E. Pope Co.

Montpelier, Vermont

In Woman's Realm.

If half a lemon is left over, place it on a plate and turn a tumbler over it; it will keep fresh much longer than if exposed to the air.

Mend your rugs by whipping over the worn edges with yarn to match the rug, and then single crochet over the hole or worn place very tightly with a crochet hook.

To brighten straw matting, take a pint of salt dissolved in one-half pail of water. Wash the matting twice during the summer with this and dry quickly with a soft cloth.

Pound Cake—Take a pound of sifted sugar and a pound of fresh butter, mix them with the hand ten minutes, and add to them nine yolks and five whites of eggs, well beaten. Work all together and add a pound of flour sifted with four level teaspoons of baking powder, some caraway seeds, four ounces of candied orange peel cut into slices, a few currants, well cleaned. Mix all together very lightly.

Whistling for Girls.

Society women, after struggling along for years in ignorance of the advantages attached to whistling, are learning facts about the art. Dr. Macnamara, a famous physician, insists it is one of the most beneficial forms of minor exercise, and he ridicules the idea of teaching little girls that it is indecorous for women to whistle. "Next to singing," says the doctor, "nothing strengthens the lungs and throat like whistling. The effect of whistling on the health is entirely good, besides raising the spirits. It improves the beauty of the lips, develops concentration of mind and is a cheery sound. Girls and boys should be taught to whistle the scales and octaves." And there is a still more useful point about whistling for whistling, for Dr. Macnamara adds: "You can always stop a person sleeping in an adjoining room from snoring by whistling softly. Some kind of mental suggestion makes the snorer close his mouth and breathe normally."

A Few Things to Know.

That a cupful of strong coffee will remove the odor of onions from the breath.

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